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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Retreat in Lebanon

L. BRENT BOZELL

Spain is Not an Office

PETER CRUMPET

Linguistic Bolsheviks

REVILO OLIVER

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . JAMES BURNHAM
RUSSELL KIRK · GARRY WILLS · ROBERT PHELPS
ANTHONY LEJEUNE · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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For the Record

Labor leaders on the West Coast are saying privately that Californians will vote adoption of Knowland's right-to-work law proposals, but against Knowland as Governor. . . . Kansans will get a chance to vote on right-to-work in the fall, following a decision of the State Supreme Court last week which results in putting the issue on the ballot. . . . The Labor Department in Washington is preparing to ask Congress for $5 million to conduct a survey to determine just how Americans spend their money.

Several hundred of the Hungarians who have picketed the Soviet UN headquarters in New York since the execution of Nagy, marched off in a body last week to contribute blood to the New York police blood-bank, and then resumed their protest beat. . . . Formosa has alerted its garrisons on Quemoy and Matsu against a possible offensive by the Chinese Communists sometime this summer. . . . Insiders say there is no truth in persistent reports that General de Gaulle intends to recognize Red China. The rumors are Communist-planted, they say. . . . The rebel Sumatran government reports its forces are still holding out in the Celebes and that defections are heavy among the government troops sent against them.

The Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, an organization of outstanding medical men, regularly disseminates literature opposing socialism in all areas of activity in the United States. But it will no longer be able to do so before taxes, following the ruling of Internal Revenue Commissioner Harrington that "opposing socialization of the medical or other segment of the economy or supporting the principles of individual liberty and freedom of individuals in the medical profession or elsewhere . . . are not in our opinion, per se educational functions or objectives . . . and you are not entitled to exemption from Federal income tax. . . ."

The Indianapolis Star's series on the failure of the United Nations Secretariat to grant Povl Bang-Jensen "due process" before it fired him for insubordination is believed by many newsmen to be Pulitzer Prize material. . . . Colgate University, which had assembled a group of civilian and military experts for a five-day seminar on space-age problems in connection with its annual foreign policy conference, called off the panel because of poor attendance.

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The WEEK

● Having long since sewed up the support of New York's Modern Republicans for his gubernatorial ambitions, Nelson Rockefeller has now donned false whiskers and is going after conservatives. Incredibly, he seems to be making headway. One would think that conservatives who look into the suitability of Mr. Rockefeller to serve their interests would ponder the four recent Rockefeller Reports, which call for statist solutions to all the nation's ills. Asked recently by a *New York Post* reporter why he was running as a Republican rather than a Democrat, Mr. Rockefeller was visibly distressed, and muttered something about the superior "efficiency" of the Republicans. As for us, we'd a whole lot rather have inefficient than efficient statists run our life. Just possibly they'd lose our file, and let us alone.

● The President has asked Congress to enact legislation which would permit the Department of State to withhold passports from citizens whose presence abroad would, in the opinion of the government, damage the national interest. The President asked Congress, in effect, to overrule a recent Supreme Court ruling. (Due to the majesty of his office, he is not likely to be met with the abuse heaped upon Senators Butler and Jenner who have been attempting to do much the same thing *via* the Butler Bill.) As a general rule, we disapprove of the government's having the power to limit the travel of American citizens. But in a period when, due to a cold war, we think nothing of conscripting young men, putting an embargo on American merchandise, and spending 45 billions on armament, it is not inconsistent that our Paul Robesons be prevented from sowing their poison around the globe. We hope Congress will pass the law, and compliment the President for asking it to do so.

● On the tenth of July a group of conservatives and anti-Communists, from both Washington and Indiana, gathered to pay tribute to Senator William Jenner, who will leave politics, and Washington, at the end of the present session of Congress. Senator Jenner is a brave man, and he fought bravely, for many years, in behalf of two objectives: 1) the arrest of Soviet international expansion, and the extirpation of the domestic Communist conspiracy; and 2) the maintenance of domestic freedoms. For his pains, he was abused by the Establishment press, most persistently by the editors of the *Washington Post*, whose resolve never to coexist with anti-Communists has never wavered. Mr. Jenner has received a fine send-off from those in Washington about whom he really cares. We hope he will be received in Indiana with the respect which is his due. For he did his best for his constituents and his country, and his best was very good indeed.

● We can see no further behind the mask of Charles de Gaulle than the next fellow. As a straw in the wind, however, we applaud the appointment of Jacques Soustelle as Minister of Information. Soustelle's previous absence from the cabinet had the effect of cutting the de Gaulle movement off from its deepest roots in the aspirations of the serious French Right; and his emergence as the regime's official spokesman may mean that affairs in Paris will begin to move more rapidly and to better ends. Welfarism, however, remains the test. Unless the French economy can be released from the burden of the state socialism of the postwar years, and steps are taken to restore the free market, the higher ambitions of Charles de Gaulle will not be realized. De Gaulle is a patriot, yes, and a warrior, yes; but does he know what are the springs of a vital society? May he use the afflatus he clearly feels to liberate France from 1) Communists, and 2) socialism.

● In the *New York Times*, C. L. Sulzberger reports on the new Soviet crime of "revisionism." It's a trifle more serious than "deviationism" or "sectarianism." (Imre Nagy, the Hungarian who wanted a free Hungary, has paid for it with his life.) Two other outstanding Communists have been publicly accused of "revisionism" by Khrushchev: Tito, the dictator of Yugoslavia, and Marshal Zhukov, World War II hero and former boss of the Red Army. At the moment Khrushchev can't get hold of Tito to murder him, but within the borders of the Soviet Empire there is one "revisionist" down, one to go—and perhaps a number of others (e.g., Malenkov?) still to be named. (Watch for a forthcoming article by Eugene Lyons.)

● Wladyslaw Gomulka, political boss of Poland, has sadly embarrassed his American admirers, who, after building him up as Freedom's answer to Nikita Khrushchev, persuaded Congress to vote him $200 million worth of aid during the past year and a half. In a cold declaration of official policy, Gomulka went down the Khrushchev line. He not only condemned Tito's heresies but sanctioned the liquidation of Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter. At a recent press conference, President Eisenhower commented on the recent Communist moves with his usual lucidity:

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"I would certainly be unable to give any accurate estimate of their motives. Frankly, it is difficult to understand, sometimes, exactly what they mean."

●The Communist government of the Indian state of Kerala, ostensibly as a measure to cure "overpopulation," has offered an award of 25 rupees (approximately $5.25, an appreciable sum to the average abysmally poor inhabitant) to each person who agrees to be sterilized. Communist Party members, it is said, are being secretly instructed to decline the offer.

●The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has just published a remarkable study prepared at its request by the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress. *The Soviet Empire: Prison House of Nations and Races* documents with irrefutable thoroughness its subtitle: "A Study in Genocide, Discrimination, and Abuse of Power." It is a work not of propaganda but of facts and scholarship that presents an amazing amount of information, not readily available elsewhere, concerning the history and structure of the Soviet Empire. If the United States Information Agency were a serious operation instead of a boondoggle, it would drop most of the rest of its literature and take on the job of translating and publishing fifty million copies of this study throughout the world. A large stack near the entrance to the United States Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair would make a good beginning.

●A new organization, Public Action Inc. (951 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.), undertakes, in behalf of its members, to 1) "notify [them] of bills and plans that are up before Congress that will affect our form of government"; 2) "notify [them] when, in its opinion, concerted action will be effective"; and 3) "inform [them] to whom to send . . . messages" urging political action geared to the best interests of constitutional government. Public Action is a nonprofit corporation, and will render its services for a charge of two dollars per year. Anyone who wishes to test out the service may subscribe free of charge for four months.

● *Time and Tide* reports that a Czech train dispatch clerk was recently transferred to less responsible work when it was discovered that his father was a lawyer and therefore that he, the clerk, had an "unreliable bourgeois origin." No move was made, however, to demote (promote?) the father from his high level position in a government ministry because he is the son of an engine driver. Well, it looks as if the Communists are one up on us again. They've got that shirt-sleeves-to-shirt-sleeves routine down to just *two* generations.

What's Up, Mr. Hammarskjold?

United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold has had a busy month.

First, he appointed Anatoly F. Dobrynin, ranking Soviet representative on the UN Secretariat, as the "Under Secretary for the Department of Political and Security Council Affairs." This makes a trained Communist agent Hammarskjold's chief aide and deputy for the political (that is, the most important) issues brought before the UN.

Second, after a quick dash to the Middle East, Mr. Hammarskjold spread a UN whitewash over the Moscow-backed intervention that has built a domestic Lebanese conflict into a revolutionary war that threatens to open the entire Mideast to Soviet domination.

Third, Mr. Hammarskjold fired Povl Bang-Jensen from the UN staff. Mr. Bang-Jensen—a Dane, a distinguished lawyer and a senior UN official—had committed an unforgivable crime: he had offended Moscow. As administrative aide to the UN Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary, it was Bang-Jensen, our readers will remember, who had pledged his official and personal word to the Hungarian-escapee witnesses that he would keep their names secret. Under Soviet pressure—communicated, no doubt by his deputy, Comrade Dobrynin—Dag Hammarskjold demanded that Mr. Bang-Jensen give him (and by presumable consequence, his deputy) the list of names. Mr. Bang-Jensen refused to violate his word and thereby turn the witnesses and their families in Hungary over to Moscow's assassins. So now he is fired. There has been not a whisper of protest against any of these developments from Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., head of our UN delegation. Not a sound, not a murmur, from President Eisenhower or Secretary Dulles.

Open Season on Americans

Raúl Castro, brother of Cuban rebel leader Fidel Castro, gave a ready explanation for kidnapping fifty or sixty Americans. "We need anti-aircraft defense," he said. "Batista won't bomb or strafe us while we've got these Americans with us."

And why not? Señor Castro is kidding himself, we'd say. Who cares whether a few dozen American citizens get shot up? Hasn't Castro himself helped prove what everybody is beginning to understand: that it's open season on Americans? Anything goes, and no license required.

There are enough pieces now on the table to show the pattern. The Kremlin, it becomes clear, is conducting a planned campaign with a double objective. By provoking these kidnappings, by shooting down

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American planes and interning American soldiers, by jailing Americans on fraudulent charges, by needling mobs to yell and spit at Americans, smash American buildings and grab American property, the Communists, in the first place, aim to destroy American moral prestige. They are giving "the masses" psychological as well as tactical training for "the final conflict"—the revolutionary finale, the overthrow of "the citadel of world imperialism."

And, second, the Communists are carrying out what strategists call "a probing operation." By these brazen provocations against American citizens the Communists are probing, specifically, the American will to resist. And, so far as the American government goes, they are discovering that that will is drugged and paralyzed. Beyond a few whining bleats, there is just no response, no matter how hard the body is kicked. While American planes crash in flames, the American Vice President is spat on, American soldiers and civilians are herded into disgraceful detention, the American flag ground into filthy streets, and American diplomatic establishments mobbed, the leaders of the American government go right on with their friendly conferences on nuclear tests and surprise attacks, their welcomes to Soviet agents disguised as ballet directors and student delegations, their public parades for the musician whom Moscow deigned to applaud.

It may be that this cur-like response correctly represents the attitude of the American people and nation. We choose not to believe so, and publish in the adjacent box one piece of evidence to prove that at least one American remembers the tradition of Stephen Decatur, and the day when—after the Moroccan bandit, Raisuli, had kidnapped a merchant named Perdicaris who (somewhat doubtfully) claimed American citizenship—President Theodore Roosevelt ordered his Secretary of State to cable that message which no one could misunderstand: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

We urge our readers to write their Congressmen demanding a debate on the petition of Mr. Lyle Munson.

A Petition to Congress

To: *The President, The Senate of the United States of America*
The Speaker, The House of Representatives, United States of America

The undersigned Lyle H. Munson herewith respectfully petitions the Congress of the United States of America that he be issued and granted a letter of marque and reprisal, as provided in Article One, Section Eight, Paragraph Eleven, the Constitution of the United States of America.

In petitioning for such letter, the undersigned attests that he is a natural-born citizen of the United States of America (Moultrie County, State of Illinois) moved to this extremity by consideration that:

1) Whereas fellow Americans are being held captive and hostage by pirate and/or rebel groups posing as governments in Communist Russia, Communist East Germany, Communist China, Cuba and Indonesia—and

2) Whereas certain of these American citizens also are business clients of the undersigned—and

3) Whereas if these piratical abuses are not halted the undersigned's own family and property will be "exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within"—and

4) Whereas the Office of the Executive is impotent to rectify the aforesaid abuses, by reason of preoccupation with other pressing matters—and

5) Whereas the undersigned is prepared to demonstrate financial and moral responsibility to lease, equip and staff a seaworthy man of war to liberate these pirate-held American citizens at personal and private expense and risk—

Undersigned does herewith respectfully petition this 30th day of June, year of our Lord 1958, that the Congress of the United States of America issue, for a period of two years, a letter of marque and reprisal for the purposes described.

LYLE H. MUNSON
209 East 34 St.
New York 16, N.Y.

U.S. vs. Powell vs. Bolan vs. Williams (Ed) vs. Williams (Paul)

Our readers may be interested in the developments in the case of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr., *et al* versus The Law. On Monday July 7, Judge William B. Herlands of the Federal District Court presided over a hearing at which the attorney for Mr. Powell, Edward Bennett "Suffer the Wealthy Sinners to Come unto Me" Williams, demanded that the indictment against Mr. Powell be set aside. Why? Because the grand jury was contaminated, having been the subject of "illegal, *criminal* tampering." By whom? By the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, William F. Buckley Jr., to whom Thomas A. Bolan, formerly Assistant U.S. Attorney in charge of the Powell investigation, had *"in violation of the law"* confided the "intimate and secret details" of the evidence that had gone before the grand jury. That evidence, said Ed Williams, formed the basis of NATIONAL REVIEW'S article, "The Wheels of Justice Stop for Adam Clayton Powell Jr."

And who should come charging up to Judge Her-

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lands, insisting that Mr. Buckley had done nothing illegal? Why none other than U.S. Attorney Paul Williams himself, who a very few weeks ago was flinging subpoenas around in a Martian frenzy, threatening to punish Mr. Buckley for alleged violation of museum-piece statutes. Now the U.S. Attorney tells the court what *we* told *him* weeks ago, to wit, that NATIONAL REVIEW (we quote Mr. Williams) "only exercised [its] constitutional right of freedom of the press" in publishing the article on Mr. Powell, and directing it to the attention of the jury. The U.S. Attorney stated flatly that "there was no criminal activity" by NATIONAL REVIEW or Thomas Bolan. *However,* to quote the *New York Times'* account, Mr. Williams "did not defend his former assistant further. Mr. Bolan wrote for the NATIONAL REVIEW 'perhaps improperly and ill advisedly,' the prosecutor asserted, but did nothing that could invalidate the indictment."

Some messages from NATIONAL REVIEW, all the way around:

1. To Mr. Paul Williams: Mr. Bolan never wrote *anything* for NATIONAL REVIEW, nor did he communicate to us a single word, or piece of evidence, that passed before the grand jury. He gave us merely the story of the interrupted investigation. Other material on Powell was a part of the public record. A knowledge of these facts, which a telephone call to our office or to Mr. Bolan could have established, would have considerably facilitated your job of answering the wild allegations of Mr. Ed Williams. For the rest, it may indeed be well advised for a public servant who has been the witness of an attempt to obstruct the processes of justice, to keep his mouth shut about it, sparing himself hit and run attacks such as Ed Williams', and irresponsible insinuations such as your own. But let us hope not every citizen will act so advisedly. Justice is not served by tacit acquiescence in corruption. To be sure, you continue to find it proper and well advised to conceal your superiors' role in attempting to abort the investigation of Adam Clayton Powell. But is it not "imprudent," to use the currently fashionable word, on the eve of your campaign for Governor of New York, publicly to stress the difference between your view and Mr. Bolan's of what is proper conduct on the part of a public servant?

2. To Mr. Ed Williams: You have charged Mr. Buckley and Mr. Bolan with criminal acts which 1) you have no evidence either of them committed, and which 2) you have every reason to believe neither of them did commit. You make your charges with the easy immunity of a courtroom, and there is no way in which Mr. Bolan (or Mr. Buckley) can seek redress. Next time you foregather with your fellow directors of the American Civil Liberties Union, we trust you will put your heads together to discuss the rights, if you can find any, of individuals to defend themselves against pell-mell and privileged accusations by unscrupulous lawyers.

3. To Judge Herlands: We hope that when you dismiss the motion of Mr. Edward Bennett Williams you will not suppress the exasperation you must feel as captive audience to legal deviousness. Once upon a time the question was, Did Adam Clayton Powell Jr. defraud the government?

Who's S-s-scared?

(From a recent article in *People's Daily,* Peking):

"The United States is only a paper tiger. Under the present situation the East wind has prevailed over the West wind . . . In a desperate effort the United States still pretends that it is strong, like a man who slaps himself to produce swollen cheeks so that he may pass as a fat man. On May 2, the United States secretly test-fired 'Matador' guided missiles in Taiwan. One day before that, it test-fired atomic cannon just south of the military demarcation line in South Korea. In the meantime, the combined naval fleet of the SEATO countries proceeded to the South China Sea . . . All these measures are nothing but tricks to scare the people and to encourage the American lackeys Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee as well as the Indonesian rebels . . . What is more, the so-called modern weapons displayed by the United States to its indentured servants long ago became obsolete."

Poor Little Rich Girl

Mr. Spencer Williams, who was for many years a correspondent in Moscow, wrote us after seeing a news item from Brussels: "In 1940 I was preparing to leave the Soviet Union and Olga Lepeshinskaya, the young and already famous ballerina, came to say goodbye. Her privileged position was shown in the fact that she dared have friendly relations with foreigners. Later in the evening, Lepeshinskaya followed my wife into the kitchen. On a shelf our houseworker had arranged a long row of metal containers for various foods—sugar, salt, tea, etc. Originally these had been cans containing coffee, shipped to us from the U.S.A. When Lepeshinskaya's eyes fell on them, she exclaimed 'I must have some of these! I will pay you whatever you want.' My wife explained that she could not sell the tin cans because they had come to us free with the purchase of coffee and had no market value, but offered them to her as a gift. Lepeshinskaya protested, stating that as a successful ballerina she had plenty of rubles,

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but finally accepted. She left that evening delighted by the acquisition of the empty coffee cans.

"I thought of the incident when I read yesterday the comment by Chulakay, director of the Bolshoi Theater, in Brussels, when informed that Olga Lepeshinskaya had been arrested for shoplifting. He said it was 'unthinkable' that she should steal, because the ballerina was 'one of the wealthiest women in the Soviet Union.' That is true—if rubles can be called wealth. Such was the poverty of Soviet life in 1940 that its 'wealthy' ballerina was delighted with a gift of discarded coffee cans. And after eighteen years more of Communism? . . . The Belgian authorities try frantically to silence the fact that a leading ballerina could not resist walking off with simple articles like gloves and an umbrella. What a mockery this incident makes of Soviet claims that life is constantly improving in the USSR, and that it offers special rewards to artists and other persons engaged in cultural activities!"

Kreuttner

"Do you realize that if you don't Buy Now, we producers of cars that look like jukeboxes, houses that look like beer cartons, dresses that look like parachute rejects and paintings that look like a pizza that got caught in a fan, may be forced to go into some line there's a demand for?"

Not a Ruble's Worth

Howard Taubman, music critic of the *New York Times,* has been touring the Soviet Union searching for "Soviet activity on all the cultural fronts." He found an immense hunger for music, drama and the ballet. In a burst of enthusiasm he draws his conclusion: " . . . it would be a grave error to assume that everything in the Soviet Union has no purpose but propaganda."

By Mr. Taubman's own evidence, however, the culture for which Soviet citizens hunger is definitely not Soviet. It is indigenous and ancient, with deep national and popular roots in pre-Bolshevik times. In and of themselves, the Soviets have contributed nothing worth a plugged ruble to the arts. Where the Soviets leave the content of cultural activity alone—as in the case of the ballet, some music and the more innocent performing arts—the old traditions flourish; and the people watch and listen with an almost pathetic eagerness. But wherever and whenever the Soviets put their hands on anything, as they invariably do whenever a Russian attempts to gain his effect by expressing an idea, the result is dismal. Dancers are allowed to dance, singers can hold high C as long as their lungs will permit them, and actors are not condemned for giving good performances. But thought is out.

The sum-up (from Taubman though not *by* him): a culture that is rich, repetitive and old. But nothing that is competitive or new. No contemporary Tolstoys, Turgenevs, Chekhovs. No Gogols, no Pushkins. It's not just six characters in search of an author, it's all the actors in Russia waiting for a new play.

Notes and Asides

We welcome the formation, under the direction of the very able Reverend Edmund Opitz, of an organization that aims at proselytizing the congeniality of Christian teachings and the free society. Dr. Opitz calls his organization The Remnant, after an essay by Albert Jay Nock recalling the guarantee the Lord gave to Job, that however triumphant the Philistines, there would always be a remnant, interested in the truth. The organization will "sponsor occasional conferences, or retreats, in various parts of the country . . . for Christian ministers . . . and laymen" to help them "take an earnest look at the problems of political and social organization in the light of Christian truth." Inquiries should be addressed to Dr. Opitz at 30 South Broadway, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

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Retreat in Lebanon

Mr. Hammarskjold Pulls a Fast One

L. BRENT BOZELL

The malady was not physical: the U.S. was probably more than a match for the musketeers of the United Arab Republic. Nor was it a failure of the intellect—of analysis or vision. U.S. leaders had long understood that the Middle West was the immediate target of Soviet imperialism and that the Soviet tactic was infiltration and subversion by natives in non-Communist guises. And that Lebanon was the keystone of anti-Soviet resistance in the Middle East. But last week the hapless, tormented Colossus of the West was backing away again.

The tormentors, in this case, were several thousand Arab guerrillas incited to arms by Gamal Abdel Nasser, and the United Nations. Nasser's guerrillas because they were attacking strategic Lebanon through the "infiltration loophole" in the U.S. defense system. The United Nations because Dag Hammarskjold denied that even that was happening. Under the strain, U.S. policy began to collapse. Over the Fourth of July week-end, State Department officials—relieved that no one seemed to be remembering Secretary Dulles' pledge to defend Lebanon by American armed intervention if necessary—groped for a "compromise" solution. The likeliest possibility, as many of them saw it: a successor to President Chamoun who would be acceptable to Nasser.

The Doctrine Amended

The weakness of the Eisenhower Doctrine had been apparent from the moment it was presented to Congress eighteen months ago. Critics pointed out that it was aimed at "overt aggression" by a nation "controlled by international Communism," and that that kind of aggression committed by that kind of nation was the least likely form Soviet expansion in the Middle East would take. The first test of the doctrine—the pro-Soviet coup in Syria last summer—had confirmed the critics' argument: Syria was swept into the Russian sphere without the movement of a single Red Army regiment. In its second test, the Doctrine had fared better. Egypt and Syria threatened to march on Jordan while the character of the Damascus coup was still fresh in the world's mind. The U.S., taking advantage of the timing, publicly speculated about labeling Syria as "Communist controlled." That, plus the brandishing of the Sixth Fleet, prompted Nasser to call off the dogs.

The assault on Lebanon, however, would be less easy to handle under the terms of the Doctrine.

U.S. intelligence sources had reported the impending attack on President Chamoun's Government well in advance of the event. Washington was advised that it would be mounted by a combination of forces—indigenous rebels and United Arab Republic irregulars—egged on and, to the extent communications permitted, directed by Cairo. Largely with this threat in mind, the State Department moved to amend the Eisenhower Doctrine: as the executive branch "interprets" the Doctrine, the Department announced early last spring, the President may employ U.S. troops to *protect American interests* in the Middle East. (A sensible criterion, but one clearly outside the authority that the President had originally requested and that Congress had granted.) The outbreak of hostilities in Lebanon thus found Mr. Dulles armed with a new mandate. Accordingly, the U.S. and Britain announced that if necessary they would resort to armed intervention to thwart Nasser's—they meant the Soviet Union's—designs. And they might do so, the two countries added, without prior United Nations approval.

Actually, of course, the U.S. and Britain preferred a UN expeditionary force to one of their own, and the primary aim of the Anglo-American declaration had been to prod the UN into action. (It was axiomatic in both Washington and London that UN intervention would rate higher on the "world opinion" scale, and would run a lesser risk of starting The Big War.) In Lebanon, President Chamoun played along by requesting UN troops to seal off the Syrian frontier. His country, Chamoun said, was being subjected to "massive infiltration" of men, money and material from the United Arab Republic—a judgment that U.S. and British intelligence confirmed.

Enter Mr. Hammarskjold

The UN Security Council, proceeding cautiously, dispatched a 100-man "observation team" to Lebanon to get the facts. Simultaneously, the peripatetic Mr. Hammarskjold set off for Beirut and Cairo to try his hand at mediating the conflict. *That* mission, apparently, was a complete failure. But if Hammarskjold failed to call off the war, he succeeded somehow — and single-handedly, it would seem—in calling off U.S. and Western interest in the war. The events and reactions that followed Hammarskjold's return to New York bear examination, for they constitute one of the more baffling episodes of the Third World War.

On July 3, Hammarskjold held a press conference, and pronounced a verdict that stunned the world: Lebanon's charge of "massive infiltration," he asserted, was false. "I think this much can be said . . . we have no foundation for such a judgment now." Moments later, however, Hammarskjold raised doubts about the foundation for *his* judgment. He volunteered that an editorial in a U.S. newspaper, urging him to shed light on the infiltration charge, was based on a "complete misunderstanding" of his mission. The Security Council, he said, "asked . . . the observation group to report. They have never asked the Secretary General to report on this matter, and I am neither an arbiter nor a fact-finder myself . . . I [never] made myself an observer." Hammarskjold's verdict was understandable, then, only on the assumption that he had already reviewed the observers' findings, and was giv-

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ing the reporters a sneak preview of their report.

Next day, the UN Observation Group's report was published, and for reasons that must remain elusive for anyone who can read, was interpreted the world over—by press commentators, by the U.S. State Department, by the British Foreign Office, even by the indignant Government of Lebanon—as documentation and thus corroboration of Hammarskjold's verdict. Actually, it was nothing of the sort. The observers took several thousand words to say their piece—they explained why the terrain and the "tribal structure" of Lebanon made penetration into rebel areas difficult, described the obstructionist tactics of the rebel leaders and the methods employed by UN patrols, and summarized (at great length) interviews with two Syrian youths accused of infiltration—but what the report came down to was that the observers had been unable to carry out their assignment of investigating Lebanon's charges of United Arab Republic infiltration. It was a confession of the failure of a mission.

The basic difficulty, the observers confessed, was that the anti-Government forces did not care to be observed.

> Where the frontier is controlled by Opposition forces, the obtaining of free passage and safe conduct throughout the area in question is in practice a prerequisite for effective observation in that area. Such passage can only be granted by the particular Opposition leader in that district, *and has so far not been forthcoming.* [Emphasis added.]

The report noted, further on, that *one* area had been opened up "as of 2 July"—thus obviously too late to have permitted an investigation before the report was written.

Although they were never able to obtain the conditions "prerequisite for effective observation," the UN patrols did manage to get inside some rebel-held areas without permission. The report's account of these ventures is too chaotic for paraphrase: "Observers have repeatedly entered Opposition zones without [safe conduct] assurances . . . but their successes [in penetration] have been sporadic . . . and [the] observers have repeatedly been stopped altogether."

On such forays, the report continued, the patrols "have frequently come across armed groups"—the only figures mentioned were "some 200" men in one group, and "several hundred" in another—"and seen some arms and other material in use." Then, the single passage of the report that even remotely substantiated Hammarskjold's verdict:

> It has not been possible to establish from where *these* arms were acquired. Nor was it possible to establish if any of the armed men *observed* had infiltrated from the outside; there is little doubt, however, that the vast majority was in any case composed of Lebanese. [Emphasis added.]

The observers thus carefully limited their conclusions, such as they were, to the fragmentary evidence they had happened upon. What is more, they clearly implied in a subsequent passage that the evidence they had *not* happened upon might yield very different conclusions. The report listed certain regions where the UN patrols had "experienced difficulty" in obtaining information. "*In all such regions the observer teams appear to have touched on sensitive spots which are in areas claimed by Government sources to be supply and infiltration routes.*" (Emphasis added.)

The Real Culprit

Granted, the Observers Group might have pointed up its failure more sharply: competent draftsmanship would have placed the observers' sketchy findings in their proper perspective and made misreading of the report much more difficult. But the real culprit was Dag Hammarskjold. His advance characterization of the report, giving the lie to Lebanon's charges, set the line—and changed the policies of nations. For his deception there was no explanation or excuse, save that Mr. Hammarskjold was determined to sacrifice Lebanon rather than confront his bankrupt organization with a problem it could not handle. For the U.S. reaction, explanations came even harder. The U.S. presumably had a greater interest in guarding the Free World's stake in the Middle East than in shielding the UN from embarrassment. Yet the State Department received Hammarskjold's verdict with respectful official silence. Unofficially, the day following the UN report, the Department leaked a story asserting that U.S. intelligence stood by its original estimate of Cairo-inspired infiltration. But the purpose of the leak was more to preserve the reputation of U.S. intelligence than to save a policy. The same day U.S. marines who had been earmarked for Lebanon were taken off alert.

Why the retreat? At one level, responsibility could be traced to the attitudes within the U.S. government that plagued the West at Suez: a ritualistic view of "aggression," and slavish deference to the United Nations. At Suez, Britain and France had gone into the other fellow's country without permission, which was the very thing we criticized Nazis and Communists for. The United Nations, what is more, had *said* the invasion was bad, and that settled it. In Lebanon, the U.S. had done all right for a while because the attitude about aggression was working on our side. Because Nasser was attacking, the U.S. could feel good about its plans for resisting. But with Mr. Hammarskjold's edict that aggression was *not* taking place, the UN attitude came into play: though the U.S. knew better about the facts, defiance of the UN would run the risk of wrecking it. And when aggression vanished, the U.S.'s tough policy lost its purchase.

These attitudes, however, were only symptoms of the root malady: a sickness of the will that kept the U.S. from wanting to win World War Three as much as its enemies wanted to win it. And in this case it was clearly will, not understanding, that was lacking. If the U.S.'s will had been equal to its understanding, the serious issue of UAR aggression would never have arisen. The U.S. knew that the world was engulfed in a *total* aggression in which Lebanon was the immediate target. *And consequently that it made no difference whether Nasser's—and thus the Soviet Union's—power was extended into Lebanon by "infiltrators" from the United Arab Republic, or by the Lebanese.* But that evaluation of the Soviet challenge, so compelling to the intellect, could never be acted upon by a nation whose soul preferred peace to victory.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Cyprus and Lebanon—and Nasser's Soviet Arms

Cautiously, leaning over backwards in an attempt to reconcile all the interests involved, the British Government finally produced its new plan for Cyprus. It is an intricate affair, which aims in effect at a scrupulously balanced condominium of Britain, Greece and Turkey. Since the Greek demand for *enosis* and the Turkish demand for partition are plainly incompatible, Britain seeks to solve the dilemma by a partition of sovereignty and an association of interests, which would combine to offer the Cypriots the best of all worlds and provide at least a seven-year respite during which the two communities might learn to work together again.

The immediate Greek response to this plan was that it wouldn't do and Britain must think of a better one. The Turks were more cheerful about it but hardly more amenable. The British Government might well have felt indignant and depressed at such a perfunctory rebuff had it not been entirely expected. The politicians in Athens and Ankara had long ago taken up positions too extreme to allow of compromise.

Supported now by the NATO Council and the State Department, the British Government still hopes that Greece and Turkey, alarmed by the gulf opening in front of them, may be brought to accept some workable arrangement. The dangers of the present situation, underlined by the precipitate withdrawal of Greek officers from the NATO headquarters in Turkey, are now much more generally understood than they were. The Socialists in Parliament decided not to oppose the plan and even gave it qualified approval. This is a considerable advance, for the Labor Party has caused a lot of mischief in the past, leading the Greeks to believe —perhaps mistakenly—that they have only to wait for a British general election and Cyprus will drop into their lap. Without a long-term policy guaranteed by both political parties, there can be no settlement in Cyprus.

If the Cypriots' material interests were all that was concerned, there would be no difficulty and indeed no problem. As it is, the problem seems for the moment beyond solution and Britain will very likely have to soldier on in Cyprus by herself.

That soldiering is at present being done by 37,000 troops, but they are not there merely to police the island. It should be remembered that when the Suez Canal Base was abandoned in 1954, the Government soothed doubters by announcing that Cyprus was to be Britain's permanent base in the Eastern Mediterranean: and from that moment the Cypriot troubles really began. It is one of the declared aims of Russian strategy to deprive the Western powers of all their overseas bases.

The value of Cyprus as an air base and a jumping-off point for ground troops is evident from a glance at the map, and it was confirmed by Colonel Nasser recently when he said that the United Arab Republic could not feel secure while Cyprus remained in imperialist hands. He said this to Archbishop Makarios, who congratulated him on his peace-loving outlook and asked him to rearm the Cyprus terrorists with modern Russian weapons. This friendly meeting between Makarios and Nasser, with unlimited supplies of Russian aid in the background, makes a concise picture of the appalling and complex dangers which have been allowed to build up in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The Lebanon Crisis

British cartoonists have had a field day with Mr. Dulles' attitude to the Lebanon crisis: they have shown him trying on Anthony Eden's gunboats for size. There are doubtless good reasons, fully understood by President Chamoun, why British and American forces should not intervene in Lebanon if it can be avoided, but there are even better reasons why British and American forces should be ready to intervene if necessary.

The familiar, deadly difference of opinion has already begun to appear. Mr. Gaitskell has been uttering pious warnings against any action not in conformity with the UN Charter. The *Observer* advanced the astonishing theory that the West is to blame for the rebellion because it tried to turn Lebanon into an ally instead of allowing it to remain prudently neutral. There must be no repetition of the folly of Suez, cries the left-wing press: and at this juncture the five remaining "Suez rebels" who resigned from the Conservative Parliamentary Party in protest against the Government's retreat have applied to be readmitted. They approve of the action taken "against the supporters of Nasser in the Yemen" and say: "More recently still the Government has undertaken to support the established Government of the Lebanon and has dispatched forces to the Eastern Mediterranean which might be used should the Lebanese Government ask for assistance." Such a statement, coming from such a source, has lashed the left-wing press into a still greater fury of alarm.

But the prevailing mood is more realistic. There is a tendency to look back, to blame the abandonment of the Canal Zone and the second retreat from Suez on American pressure (which is partly though not wholly fair), to watch with grave anxiety the steady militant expansion of Nasser's empire, and to say "I told you so." The execution of Imre Nagy and his colleagues has served to clear the dust out of a great many eyes into which dust blows back with almost unbelievable rapidity.

The Kremlin is doing all it can to increase this realistic mood. Even the newspapers and politicians who were most in favor of Summit talks are beginning to feel the chill. There is a general feeling that something unpleasant must be on its way. Those 37,000 British troops in Cyprus and the U.S. Sixth Fleet cruising near by may have a role to play, are indeed already playing a role, of very great importance. One thing is certain. If disaster is to be averted, Britain and America must do better in that vital part of the world than in the recent past: and they must now act together.

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Spain is Not an Office

Can Spain catch up with the modern world and still retain its ancient soul? If so, says the author, it will have a lesson to teach other nations

PETER CRUMPET

The gentleman, a marquis living just comfortably off his olive groves, looked at me curiously.

I had asked: "From what I've seen in two days, nobody in Spain ever goes to sleep. Half the siesta is spent *paseando*. What I would like to know is, how do people possibly get up to work?"

"One ordinarily does not," he said after a pause.

"Oh, come now," I answered. "Every morning at 7:30 I can hear workers going to their jobs."

He sighed. "Yes, it is a pity. More and more. Only the workers at seven-thirty, however. But more and more I find that I must work, and I do hate it so!"

"Isn't it difficult" I pressed him, "to get things done if the managerial class doesn't arrive at the office until ten-thirty or so, has a long lunch hour and siesta, leaves relatively early and sometimes doesn't show up more than three days a week?"

To which my Spanish friend replied majestically, "Spain is not an office." And with that, he called for the bill and paid it.

He was right. Spain is not an office, and it is this very thing which makes it so unbelievably attractive to Americans. The best things in Spain are freely given: its incredible landscape, its wealth of sun, its lavish art, its sense of dignity and individualistic pride. Spaniards of all classes are aristocratically inclined: they prefer real leisure—not our frenetic interpretation of the idea—to extra pesetas. Road crews rest on picks, and their souls expand. The purest form of song—the *Cante por Martinete* (*martillo* is hammer)—comes from such interludes with the sun: throats swell until tendons quiver under the skin; the hammer clangs upon iron, and then rests upon it; and from the battery of compressed chests an eerie, nasal, Moorish chant is forced out—a lament of the spirit, of resignation and of suffering. It is said that on still nights, in the ancient port of Sevilla, galley-slaves first gave vent to these *misereres*, to the rhythm of the beat.

Americans accustomed to reaching for their wallets in France when they ask the time of day, are left thunderstruck by the thirty-peseta laborer who runs four blocks out of his way to set one in the right direction (often as not, the wrong direction), and looks at one with horror if a *propina* is offered. The saying

goes—repeated a mite too complacently by aristocrats—that beggars need only wrap their cloaks about them, and they are hidalgos.

In Spain, as everywhere, the crassness of money is contemned. Unlike other Europeans, the Spaniards are ingenuous in their admiration for the American way of life. They like material things, and whether they look to Russia or the United States, their infatuation is the same: with refrigerators, automobiles, television sets, automatic can openers and Hi-Fi. Spain is bound, some day, somehow or another, to "catch up" with France or Italy. Will she remain Spain?

Standards—of Life and Living

It makes one ask, must the price of industrialization — of well-clothed lower classes and unrachitic children —be paid in the coin of Faith, love and serenity; and wonder if the highest standard of living cannot also be the lowest standard of life? *Must* this be so? Is the virtually unknown condition of juvenile delinquency in Spain the mark of laggard Progress? Is the deeply hierarchical structure of this society—the respect of son for father, of lower class for higher, of penitent for confessor and of State for God—is this Gothic harmony indeed an opiate? Despite evidence that can be adduced to the contrary, it is real. Would it be wrong for Spain to reject material goods, and the attendant discord? Is it the lack, or the desire, which brings the discord? Finally, is it far more wrong, as the Spaniards of all classes now do, to *want* these things as well, and even to the destruction of what is peculiarly theirs?

An American ponders his own life in the States, and compares—and wonders. He sees—his dreams are tormented by—the Spanish child in tatters, swollen with illness, begging with eyes discolored by suffering; he watches the hand curl over a peseta with the same movement it may someday use to curl over the handle of a gun. The American will not forget the wan bellboy of ten years running errands in the hotel, hours past midnight; and seeing him, on one of these errands, sit down suddenly by the dark steps of the kitchen and weep.

But he sees also, as if he is trying

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to focus his thoughts through the split image of a camera lens, the brutalized face of the American boy, born out of the lips of cornucopia, who has just bludgeoned an old man to death for the diversion.

He ponders then—he must or be damned—the City of God and the City of Man. Which is stronger, and which more important? It is clear which world Spain is choosing, even if unable to. It is not clear why. It is not clear that the examples of France and Italy, the mirage of Utopian America or (to some) Utopian Russia, should draw the soul of this nation which still possesses soul.

Anomalies

These thoughts beset the American. There are no ready answers. In the meantime he can only remark on the anomalies which make up the nation, and try to study them one by one. I speak of such things as these: what we cannot help but consider the indifference (or is it just a question of becoming accustomed to it?) of the Spanish upper and middle classes to the lot of the poor; the conservative bent of most Spaniards of all classes, expressed in their love of tradition and a reluctant pride in their aristocracy; the indolence and political apathy of some of the people who cry for a return of the monarchy which too many of them—particularly the generation since the civil war—do absolutely nothing to secure; the ten-years-behind radicalism of students who were born after 1936, just now discovering socialism as if they had come upon a new thing; the mistaken paternalism but utter benevolence of Franco's dictatorship; the absolute freedom of the individual within the private sphere, and the surprising freedom he enjoys politically; the immutable unity of Faith which has almost alone kept the Iberian Peninsula from splintering; the traces of anticlericalism one can still detect in the wry remark of one taxi driver to another; the family solidarity, and the purity which even a liberalized code of conduct for young people has not destroyed; an intellectual dormancy matched by an intellectual inquietude, as if here, too, a new set of writers are just about to emerge; the pessimism with which most Spaniards look toward the future; the friendliness with which relations between Spaniards and Americans are still blessed.

Infinite Complications

And the bureaucracy. Spanish bureaucracy is of a genre all its own. The extraordinary lengths to which the red tape here will go is not solely the fault of the government. Bureaucracy in Spain is a prevailing disease. Everything is infinitely complicated.

If I were a confessor, I would charge penitents with such tests of spiritual fortitude as posting five letters a week, and one package, from the central *Correo* in Madrid. For those who have committed mortal sins, I would—if feeling sadistic—lay down the penance of cashing three checks a day at their own banks with the banks' own checks.

The bureaucracy in Spain enters even into the household, where the *obligaciones* of a maid must be spelled out in as tiresome detail as the duties of a civil servant in the States; where

it takes three weeks to connect the gas for the stove, since one company supplies the vapor, another puts in the fixtures, and a third carries the little rubber hose that runs from the outlet to the stove, which hose can't be found. Paperwork attends every move; only the paper moves.

You may wonder how this kind of thing can be reconciled with what one thinks of as the impulsive, often savage, Spanish character. That would be to ignore the Spaniard's capacity for endurance (remember the *conquistadores* in the Florida swamps and Amazon basin, marching through incredible heat and insects—in full armor!). Such endurance has enabled the Spaniard to put up with intolerable circumstances, such as absolute poverty. The history of Spain's struggles with invaders, from Romans to Moors to the Napoleonic French, has been one of allowing the conquerors to more or less overrun the country before suddenly rising up in a fierce and ruthless revenge. Napoleon suffered defeat in Spain—but only after he had duped and captured the King, his rival son, Queen María Luísa and Godoy, and set up brother Joseph on the throne. Only then, when the populace saw the thirteen-year-old Bourbon Prince, Francisco de Paula, burst into tears as he was being forced out of the Palacio Real to join his family in exile, did the riots begin igniting like a chain of firecrackers to explode in a roar of savage fighting at the Puerta del Sol.

. . . but Endurance

So there it is: endurance and bursts of terrifying passion. It colors the bureaucracy. Spaniards endure delays and queues and complications even more resignedly than Britons. Unlike Britons, however, they are entirely human about it. The cashier at a bank is perfectly capable of holding a fifteen-minute conversation with a client, exchanging (as always) wallet photographs of wife and children, while thirty people wait. The American agonizes. Most of the Spaniards shrug patiently; not a few crack mildly anarchistic jokes; but in the very shrug and in the very mildness the bloodbaths of 1936 come to mind.

Curiously, it is the very humanity of the bureaucracy which may save it; for being humane, it does not really work very well. So long as bureaucracies are inefficient, they are tolerable. Only an efficient bureaucracy imperils freedom.

The Spaniards realize that money, in one form or another (arms, land or gold) has always determined the structure of society, and always will. But they would somehow like to know this without having to believe

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it. This ambivalence, as indigenously Spanish as everything contrary about Spain is indigenous, was expressed to me by a young nobleman when he denounced the new rich as *cursi*. He entered into a defense of titles, and the great virtue residing in a noble hierarchy.

"One has only to consider the House of Alba," he said, "the high tone it sets for Society, the patronage

of the arts, of bullfighting and of Flamenco. It is the best of Spain."

I asked, "You always hear of the Albas. Aren't there other lines just as noble?"

"Yes," he answered, "but most of them have fallen upon bad times. The Albas have managed to retain most of their wealth. There is a man in Madrid who is the scion of a House as venerable as the Albas. Unfortunately, he lives in a seventy-peseta [$1.65] room."

From this one might define the Spaniard further as a being at once realistic and romantic. The inner conflict which this anomaly engenders is one of the keys to an individualism which makes of every Spaniard a political anti-particle.

The Alba Palace

The Spanish traditions embodied by such families as the Casa Alba are bulwarks of stability. The Alba family is an institution, a repository of national pride, and therefore a cohering influence that radiates beyond its palace walls. Las Dueñas, the Alba palace in Sevilla, rises out of the center of the city. The walls of the entrance look no different from walls of other buildings adjoining it. This is a legacy from the Moors, whose beauty was interior. When one enters that gate, one enters another world.

It is a world entirely Spanish. An egalitarian might sulk, declaring it is only the cream of the Spanish world; but it is what the Spaniards would call the *nata*, the cream which is the substance of it. It is a world in which extravagant riches have been extravagantly used in the finest way. I admit to social amorality when I speak of this house. I have no idea how the Albas got their money, or preserved it. I do not know whether they extorted land from the peasantry, took by sword, maintained by oppression—I only know I'm glad they had it. It is Las Dueñas more than all opposing dialectics, which stands as a roached refutation of Marx.

The roofs have indeed sagged under six hundred years of the brutal Andalucían sun, a wonderful concavity that suggests the humble sigh of wisdom. The gardens, bent over with oranges, extend in the form of a croquet wicket around the palace. They are serried by royal palms and *cauchos* (a magnolia-like tree), and in one corner there is a stand of eucalyptus half again as high as the building. Roses, in their time, are a festival of color. Fountains drip their monotonous peace, and there is a wonderful quietude, enhanced rather than broken by the city noises outside. These are the gardens of poetry; it comes as no surprise to discover that one of Spain's most famous poets (Gamacho) was born in Las Dueñas, and lived and died there.

The walls are not so high that the tiled roofs of other buildings are obscured. Washing hangs from the windows of neighboring houses. The statuary is Roman: some of the most famous Roman emperors were Spanish-born. All the archways, all the galleries and corridors, the friezes and pilasters, the balustrades and marbles, the fretwork and the carved, ruddy-dull *pino alerce* doors, are Moorish. Spain is Moorish. And the gloriously tinted tiles—tiles which, when broken, are replaced chip by chip, since they cannot be duplicated —are perhaps the heart of Spain.

Around the other end of the wicket, a familiar smell greets the nose—rabbit. Children have played in these gardens, and do still. We visited one child's apartment. How ascetic it seemed after the sumptuousness we had just inspected!—iron cots, plain commodes, bare walls. Then we looked up. The ceiling is twenty-five feet high, and domed. It is carved with all the breathless delicacy Moors were able to bring to their art.

Possibly the most extraordinary single room in Las Dueñas is the chapel, forming a sort of alcove off one of the parlors. The altar is a complex of Byzantine, Moorish and Spanish styles. A painting by DiVici, disciple of Fra Angelico, surmounts it. This severe piece of Italian work is set above bright native tiles, and festooned with borders of Moorish stonework. On one side of the altar hangs the Virgin of the Gypsies (María de las Angustias), and on the other a tile representation of Christ, who is dressed in a Moorish robe and wears a caliph's dark aspect! All this is Spain—and the more which is even more Spain. It is a college of different civilizations, glorious because there has been no compromise between the styles, and dangerous for the lack of synthesis which this fact bespeaks. And yet, Las Dueñas comfortably embraces within its walls the incredibly diffuse heritage which is Spain's racial stock.

Shame and Glory

It is difficult not to be misunderstood. The ubiquitous burro is Spain also, and the Arab poverty. That is the shame of Iberia. But destroying the glory does not destroy misery. Spain, despite revolutions, despite Communists and Anarchists, seems to understand this better than the foreigners who visit her. Spain has rejected mediocrity, because mediocrity is the only antithesis Spain knows. Perhaps it is this racial wisdom which will provide her the answer to the conflicting claims on her spirit. Perhaps Spain, so long as such a symbol as Las Dueñas is preserved, will retain a consciousness of this; and, with her unique status as a crossroads in the growth of civilization, will some day be able to tell Africa, Asia, Europe and America how to reconcile the just demands of the body with the superior demands of the spirit.

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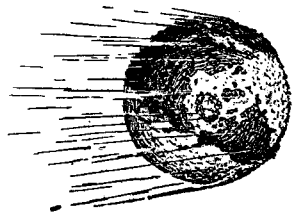

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Why Moscow Wants to Stop Nuclear Tests

The Geneva "Conference of experts to study the possibility of detecting violations of a possible agreement on suspension of nuclear tests"—that mouthful is the official title—opened in the classic manner of East-West confrontations. Dr. James B. Fisk, head of the Western delegation, made a polite, formal, friendly statement. His final paragraph extended its brotherly clauses to the Communist negotiators: "Each of us brings to our task the tradition of science, a tradition that places the highest premium on objectivity."

Comrade Dr. Yevgen K. Fedorov, nominal head of the Communist delegation (the real chief is Semyon K. Tsarapkin, the MVD-trained *apparatchik* assigned as commissar to this "purely technical" gathering), put on record a skillfully prepared propaganda summary of the Soviet nuclear line: "The Soviet Government has already set a noble example. . . . This discussion must facilitate the cessation of test explosions on the part of the Western powers. . . . Many prominent scientists realize, more than anyone else, all the aspects of the tragedy likely to befall peoples in case atomic weapons are used in military actions, as well as the ruining consequences of the continuing tests to the health of the now-living people and of the generations to come. . . ."

The Irrelevance of Inspection

We have managed to persuade world public opinion—including our own—that the basic problem in connection with nuclear testing is Communist "sincerity" and "good faith." In effect we have promoted the beliefs that: a) it would be a fine thing to stop all nuclear testing, and for that matter to abolish all nuclear weapons; b) the only trouble is that we cannot "trust" the Communists' bare pledge to stop tests (and later to destroy stockpiles); c) therefore we must devise a "foolproof" system of technical inspection; d) this done, and the inspection arrangement accepted by both sides, we can stop tests, and later junk the weapons.

But—as I have had previous occasion to suggest—what if the Communists *are* entirely sincere about stopping tests? What if they prove their sincerity by agreeing to an inspection system that satisfies the scientists? After all, they have *already* announced an ending of their tests, provided we go along; a risky bluff, if it is a bluff.

During the past year the Communist nuclear campaign has advanced along two primary salients. On one wing they have pushed the slogan: Stop nuclear tests! On the other, they have tirelessly attacked the conception of "limited nuclear warfare." Led by Khrushchev, they keep insisting that any use of any nuclear weapon must inevitably lead into all-out strategic devastation. American and world public opinion is kept in ignorance of the real significance of this campaign. Our leaders hide from us, in some cases from themselves, the simple truth that *our survival depends on our maintaining nuclear superiority over the enemy, and this superiority depends on a continuing series of nuclear tests.*

We cannot match the enemy in manpower; nor, except in special regions where his communications become overstretched or where he does not choose to make a major effort, can we expect to defeat him by conventional combat with conventional weapons. To make good the balance we *must* keep superiority in advanced weapons systems, which for the present means above all in nuclear systems.

Why shouldn't the Russians be sincere in wanting to abolish nuclear weapons? I am sure they are so: the abolition would be to their enormous advantage. If an inspection system can be devised that would not bring too much incidental prying into their non-nuclear affairs, they will become its eager sponsors.

But something more specific and more immediate lies behind the current stop-nuclear-tests campaign. The Russians believe that they are now safe from strategic bombing by high-yield H-bombs: because of their (part real, part propaganda) retaliatory power, and because of Western scruples. At the same time they know that our nuclear testing program is not now devoted to high-yield offensive bombs, of which we already possess more than enough for any strategic purpose.

They know that we are presently working on charges better adapted to missile warheads, on clean bombs suitable for anti-missile (as well as anti-aircraft) defense, and on very low-yield, small-size nuclear weapons designed for the most varied tactical uses. It is these developments which they aim to shut off by bringing tests to an end.

Atoms and Masses

Small weapons are their central immediate concern. These will tend to cancel Soviet superiority in manpower and conventional land armament, and will permit us to regain a winning capability for fighting "little wars." If three or four men armed with small, portable nuclear systems can become a tactical unit with firepower equal to (say) that of an old-time division, then there is no need for masses of soldiers, which become, indeed, a handicap.

If we assume that we are on the verge of achieving such weapons, it is sufficiently obvious not only why the Russians want us to stop the tests needed to perfect them, but also why they proclaim the "impossibility" of limited nuclear warfare. This doctrine is a blackmail threat to divert us from developing both the weapons and the tactics that would be to our immense military advantage.

Every informed leader of our military establishment understands this situation. Before their despairing eyes, our political leaders—whose will seems deadened or hypnotized—stumble step by step into the scarcely disguised trap.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Tito—Problem for the West

The cold-blooded murder, upon Moscow's demand, of four Hungarian Communist deviationists was designed as the Kremlin's typical way of warning the revisionists in the Satellite orbit—primarily Tito, but also other Red politicians in the Satellite nations who do not follow every meandering of the Party line. Obviously, there is something truly monstrous about this performance that appalls the Western mind and creates repercussions in the Free World which the Kremlin never anticipated. (Not only did the non-Communist Left in Europe get a healthy shock, but the neutralists of Asia are also gasping for breath.)

It is evident that Tito (and, up to a point, Gomulka) was the primary object of this "educational" effort; but there was also a barb directed against the anti-Communists: June 17 is the date of the Berlin rising and a holiday in West Germany.

A *return* to Stalinism? By no means, for the simple reason that Khrushchev always has been a Stalinist, a creature of Stalin whom the wily Mikoyan, in February 1956, virtually forced into anti-Stalinist utterances and proclamations. All of which does not mean that there is not also an ultra-Stalinist faction in the USSR, which sees in Khrushchev a traitor and a weakling. The Soviet Union's only genuine liberalizations took place under Malenkov, and it was Khrushchev who revoked these small liberties (especially in the intellectual field) and replaced Malenkov's appointees (for example Imre Nagy!) with genuine Stalinists (like Rákosi). Mikoyan is noted as a staunch friend of Tito, and it is a fact that Rákosi's removal was an effort to meet Tito's demands halfway, but the latter felt cheated when another Stalinist, Gerö, was appointed in Rákosi's stead. Gomulka had been jailed and tortured by the Stalinists as a "Titoist," a fate shared by Kádár, who later, under pressure, played ball with Moscow. But now Gomulka is forced to dissociate himself from the Balkan dictator. There were definitely Titoist intrigues at the root of the Hungarian rising, which, however, rapidly took a turn Tito had not foreseen and frightened him no less than the Russian intervention. His dream of a "Revisionist Danubia," geographically an enlarged Austro-Hungarian empire under Yugoslav leadership, was shattered.

Shattered also was his tenuous friendship with Khrushchev, whose difficulties in Moscow are of so complex a nature that they can only be vaguely guessed at by the most expert "Kremlinologists." The difficulty in piercing the thick veil which hides the game of power in Moscow stems from the fact that we encounter there a unique mixture of purely personal and totally irrational elements with factors of a doctrinaire and intellectual nature. Most of the men in the Kremlin have to be imagined as a synthesis between genuine, gorilla-like gangsters and philosophically inclined, atheistic professors of economics. Their mortal hatreds and suspicions, their sudden enthusiasims and fixed ideas, their cunning calculation aided by the advice of first-rate experts, make them appear like the evil monsters of science-fiction comics. Yet, whether we like it or not, they pull the strings of our fate. And they have "fallen out" with Tito, perhaps definitely—but, as in the case of whimsical, schizophrenic alcoholics who throw their arms around the necks of their deadly "enemies" and declare them to be their best "friends," one can never know. Tito and Stalin (supported by Khrushchev) slaughtered one another's supporters for years. Then there were orgiastic demonstrations of renewed friendship. Now it is again enmity, with a gentle, ghoulish chiding in the form of four corpses.

And what are *we* going to do with Tito? This shrewd and brutal man certainly will try to patch up things with Moscow, hoping not to lose his bargaining position. His remaining alternative is to choose "definitely" between Washington and Moscow—and thus to forfeit that curious "freedom of action" which has so far characterized Yugoslav foreign policy. In making the choice Tito would prefer the West, not for ideological reasons, which would point in the opposite direction, but because in Western eyes he is not a "heretic" and because Western ways are more civilized than those of Moscow.

Perhaps, however, the difference is only one of degree. In its issue of June 7 the Vienna weekly *Die Furche* carried a description of the handing over of the Croat army (including 60,000 men, women and children of German extraction) which had fled to Austria in 1945. Contrary to the stipulations of the Geneva Convention (July 2, 1929, Par. 2) these human beings, numbering about 210,000, were handed over by force to the Titoists who then committed one of the worst slaughters in modern history. (Similar actions occurred with anti-Soviet Russian partisans, Slovenian *Domobranci,* etc., all extradited to the Communist Allies amid the most horrible scenes conceivable.) In *Die Furche* of June 21, the British Press attaché in Vienna protested against the details of this account, announcing that he would disprove the essentials of the story, which is known to every person in Southern Austria.

Discussions of this sort highlight the moral burden a man like Tito constitutes for the entire West, whose hands are less dirty than his. Of course there is a chance in the Free West to learn about these fiendish misdeeds, to deplore them, to repair them if such a possibility still exists. On the other hand, these memories are still very fresh, and thus a new alliance with Tito—perhaps unavoidable—will create a fresh wave of disgust among the oppressed nations of Yugoslavia. Crimes have a frightful tendency to mortgage the future. The prospect of Tito's acceptance, with open arms, in the camp of freedom is indeed anything but reassuring, but we have little choice in this matter. *Abyssus abyssum vocat.*

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Driver-Training Boondoggle

Nearly every public high school in the country now offers driver-training; many of them require it of all students. In Michigan, the legislature of this automobile-conscious state has passed an act requiring the teaching of this skill, and denying a driver's license to any young person who has not passed a school course therein. That's one way to sell the overstock of new models: fit the cars with dual controls, and make the school boards buy them. We don't require a knowledge of history, or literature, or even arithmetic; but it's love that car, or else.

Driver training is the most expensive course in the high school curriculum. Only two students can be trained by one instructor at a time, and ordinarily one instructor can train only forty students in a year. Then there is the cost of the automobile, and the gasoline, and the repairs, and the garaging. We can't afford the time and money for Latin or physics, you know, or not much, anyway; for we have to put first things first, and to learn to drive is to Learn to Adjust to Society.

Recently there fell into my hands an interesting document, distributed by the Automobile Club of Michigan. Copies were sent to all school superintendents in this state. This letter was the work of one Martin J. Blied, Supervisor, Driver Education, and was written in darkest (although sometimes cute and coy) Educationese. Most of the blame is not Mr. Blied's, however, for he is quoting extensively from a bulletin of the National Commission on Safety Education. The National Commission was vexed at charges that our schools are not teaching sufficient science and mathematics. Forget that silly accusation, says the Commission, and get busy satisfying "a more rewarding challenge, the total education of our children—which in a Sputnik Age must include education for safe living." (I like to ponder, incidentally, on the fine distinction between a Total Education and a Totalitarian Education.) Driver training *is* scientific, the Commission says; so that's that; teach driving, and you teach science. Who needs that physics textbook? Get behind the wheel, son. I, too, quote:

> In the throes of Sputnik spasms, some persons are seeking a convenient victim to criticize for all the ills of education. Driver education seems to qualify. Prophets of doom are pontificating that it is an educational frill. At a time when schools must concentrate on the training of scientists, they say, driver education —and for that matter, safety education as a whole—should be eliminated.

Frill? Certainly not! Think of the 95,000 lives lost annually through road accidents, says the Commission; why, if only everybody spent more time at driver-training, that problem would be solved. One Russian guided missile, of course, can take a great many more than ninety-five thousand lives; but the Commission did not touch upon that awkward point.

Now whether high-school driver training actually does save many lives on the road is a matter for debate. I have my doubts. The reckless teenage drivers aren't hot-rodders because they don't know how to drive; they know all too well how to drive. A friend of mine, the late Father Barry Dwyer, once dean of arts at the University of Detroit, was killed a few months ago by a reckless boy in a fast car: a good and learned and devoted life snuffed out in a second by a leather-jacketed lad who had taken two drinks. I have no doubt that the boy could have driven safely had he chosen to. There is not much fun in driving safely, if life is for cheap thrills. The problem, in short, goes much deeper than compulsory courses in driving techniques.

But whether or not school driver-training reduces the accident-rate, the question remains whether it is a subject for the expenditure of school time and public funds. The normal way to learn to drive is to get your father to teach you. What's wrong with that? Is the public school to deprive parents of all responsibilities? If your father can't, or won't, there are private schools expressly for driver-training; and automobile salesmen who nowadays would jump at the chance, in hopes of a purchase; and police departments. The poor high school has enough duties imposed upon it already.

When these educationists write total education, they mean *Total Education,* and no bones about it. They teach cooking and sewing—even to boys. They teach manners and morals, or so they maintain. They teach courtship and—well, "sex education." They teach dogmas in sociology and relativism in the province of religion. They teach flower-arrangement and civic management. They teach the Total Child.

But do they teach the Bible? Or the classics? Or the scientific disciplines? Or great imaginative literature? Well, badly, if at all—and sometimes not at all. Such teaching is real work, and requires real teachers. Real teachers are hard to find nowadays, what with the education-course requirements driving the best candidates out of the field before they have begun. But practically anyone can teach driver-training; and, as things are going, practically everyone will.

According to certain hostile readers of this page, your servant is educational dictator of Michigan. Would it were true! One of my first acts, as master of all I surveyed, would be to expunge from the books the law that makes a high-school course in driver-training compulsory for obtaining a driver's license. (If a candidate can pass the police test, what need has he of a school diploma? And if he has the school certificate but can't pass the police test, what good has the high-school course done him?) I do not know why automobile manufacturers and automobile dealers deserve special consideration from the public schools of Michigan. One might as well require that all persons with furnaces in their houses possess a high-school certificate in Safety Education in Heating Engineering.

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Linguistic Bolsheviks

REVILO OLIVER

We live in a world in which men are becoming increasingly ignorant and increasingly irrational. Our culture already presents a curious analogy to the political chaos of the Dark Ages. As the collapse of the Roman Empire shattered the Western world into thousands of petty and virtually autonomous fiefs, each with its own arbitrary laws and toll gates, so the collapse of our educational system has shattered what was once the common domain of all educated men into petty and virtually autonomous "fields of specialization," each with its own arbitrary methodology and its academic toll gates. We may say that this is the "inevitable result of the increasing complexity of human knowledge," just as Medieval serfs could have told themselves that feudalism was the inevitable result of an increasing complexity of human society, but such explanations are mere euphemisms that thinly disguise the loss of a common allegiance and the triumph of the barbarians.

One by one all of the basic propositions that were once self-evident and obvious in the light of common sense are being converted into dark and confused "problems" reserved for debate by "specialists" in a jargon that seems to be modeled on the thieves' cant used by the "experts" who are looting the public schools.

Not long ago the nature of language was obvious to every literate and rational man. A language is a body of symbols that we use in our own thinking much as counters are used on an abacus, and we communicate with one another by giving to each symbol a phonetic and a written form so that one man may by listening or reading reproduce on his own abacus the computation that another has made. Obviously this complex use of symbols is possible only when they are manipulated according to established rules and when each symbol has a fairly clear and uniform meaning. The language of civilized men, therefore, must be codified by a rigid grammar to minimize syntactical misunderstanding, and every word must be strictly defined. And since we feel as well as think, rhetoric and formal logic must control every use of language.

In an age of common sense it was also obvious that no language can be foolproof—that we are all in danger of being misled by the idioms of our native language or by words whose meaning has been blurred by abuse or emotional association. And everyone knew that the speediest way to attain control of our own language is to master a second language of basically different grammatical and lexical structure.

Fortunately for modern Europeans, the traditional language of scholarship, Latin, happened also to be the language that provides by its structural limitations the most complete control over their vernaculars. It is only too easy, for example, to translate "the socialist" as *der Sozialist, le socialiste, il socialista,* or *el socialista* without being conscious of more than a vague feeling that you have said something nice (or nasty), but before you can translate the word into Latin, you must know precisely what you mean, and if you choose to write, for example, *publicandorum bonorum fautor,* you can deceive neither yourself nor your reader with double talk. That is what Lord Soulbury meant when a few years ago he remarked that in "an ideal democracy" only those men should be eligible for Parliament who could deliver their election addresses in "reasonably good Latin prose."

But now the obvious has been made controversial by impudent quackery, by honest confusion, and by the creation of metaphysical linguistics, a speculative system which, however inherently sound, is as remote from the business and concerns of this world as non-Euclidian geometry. Our most immediate danger comes from the linguistic Bolsheviks who whine that the rules of grammar are man-made and therefore an impious attempt to interfere with the majestic processes of nature that produce solecisms in the speech of the uneducated, dandelions in your lawn, and weeds in your cornfield. But two recent books are worthy of more serious consideration.

LARGESSE from the Rockefeller and Ford Foundations made possible a year-long huddle of superminds at the University of Michigan, and the consequence of their collective cerebrations is a volume entitled *Language, Thought & Culture* (Michigan, $4.95). It contains many observations that are self-evident, some sound speculations in symbolic logic, and much pother about factitious or illusory "problems."

The authors are distressed because the argument *Men are mortal; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal* is "structurally indistinguishable" from the argument *Men are widely distributed over the earth; Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is widely distributed over the earth.* Even the most untutored mind, if not natively stupid, would see at once that one has only to prefix the word *all* to both propositions to perceive that they are structurally distinguishable, but a band of "highly trained specialists" can usually be counted on not to see the obvious.

The value of the book as a whole may be inferred from the solemn

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asseveration that "There are two ways in which a state of mind may be rooted in belief. It may be based on a belief in the sense that a belief is one of its main causes, or in the sense that it will be altered by a change in the person's belief."

If you are properly awed by that logic, try this specimen of accuracy in the use of the English language: "If the buzzer, in avoidance training, is no longer followed by shock the fear will extinguish."

If you can take that one in your stride, you are ready to join the elite in the joyous discovery that such words as *God* "have no conceptual content."

Miss Bess Sondel, who is the Professorial Lecturer on Communication in the University of Chicago, has produced 245 pages labeled *The Humanity of Words: A Primer of Semantics* (World, $3.00). Soaring deftly above the earnest fumblings of the Michigan group, she has produced a work which is more than significant—it is ominous. Starting from carefully chosen truisms, Miss Sondel concocts her own specialty, which she calls a "field theory of communication" and thus defines:

> A field theory of communication conforms with a field theory of personality which admits no strict boundary between the communicator and the relevant environment.

Now although it is not entirely clear whether man is a vegetable or a bottle full of fireflies, Miss Sondel, like many of the psychologists who proudly reduce men to similar status, has strangely contracted the now epidemic itch to revise the universe, presumably in the interests of the vegetable or the fireflies. She finds cosmogonic magic in a terminology devised by a man named Morris according to which true statements of fact, for example, are called "designators," and she concludes a chapter of rapture with a proclamation set in the blackest of bold-face type:

> The science of signs of Charles Morris will help man to fulfill himself.
>
> But self-making and man-making is a circular process. Man makes institutions that far outlast him. And these institutions fashion the making [*sic*] of men. The science of signs of Charles Morris will help man in this circular enterprise of man-making through self-making.

Such collocations of impressive words will awe some readers and amuse others, but the true significance of the book will appear only to those who are willing to make a painstaking analysis of the whole. Their reward will be the *frisson,* the cold grue, that they may vainly seek in tales of the supernatural (including "science fiction"). For the underlying thought is simply not that of Western man. It has nothing in common with the logic of Aristotle or Descartes, and if it is, as it appears to be, systematic, the system is that of a world in which, for aught we know to the contrary, the radius of a triangle may be equal to the cosine of its Electra complex. We feel ourselves confronted by the incomprehensible purposes of an alien race, and shuddering we wonder whether Martians or Neptunians, inwardly more weird than any imagined by H. G. Wells or Clark Ashton Smith, may not already have quietly invaded our luckless planet.

A Theory Against the Theories

GARRY WILLS

Philosophers have always been able to construct shining and splendid systems of thought. The world as a "place of number," as a dynamic series of Hegelian trilogies, as the dark sea of matter in which forms struggle —all these visions are complete, cogent and logical. In fact, they are too perfect; the world just cannot measure up. The schedule is too demanding, and does not leave room for the exceptions, imperfections and mysteries which no amount of thought can exorcise from the world. Some follow Plato's example and decide that, if the world cannot measure up to Truth's demands in the mind, so much the worse for the world. To such thinkers matter and the mere events of time become "unreal."

But against this tendency of abstraction in philosophy, the common sense of man has always preferred one bird in hand to two in the mind. Against the perfect lucidity of the systems, poets have asserted the mystery of things that *are.* And the suspicion always returns that the "perfect" world of the mind is so orderly because it deals in thin inventions of the intellect. Such forms and essences have none of the reluctance that real things, with their own stubborn measure of existence, offer to the mind's dominance.

Realizing this, some men have reacted with a fury against the crystalline world of classifications. The real is merely *there,* they say, and cannot be codified or sorted into forms. One can only *feel* the flux, blur, or *élan* of reality impinging upon one. But such men do not only question the abstractions and inventions of the mind, they make thought itself impossible. The vegetable is impinged upon, and feels no temptation to name and give order to things by analysis.

Professor Paul Weiss of Yale has, in a vast new synthesis of philosophic wisdom, attempted to break down the brilliant isolation and mere inner consistency of most systems without reacting into existentialist animalism. In *Modes of Being* (Southern Illinois University Press, $10.00) he pits theory against theory; following the example of the political Constitution he admires, he invents a network of checks and balances in philosophy, weighting Plato with existential insights, balancing and refining all the concepts we are heir to. The complicated structure which results has four main divisions, four ultimate and irreducible modes of reality.

But because Weiss only began with the abstract systems, he can only end with variations and deft interweavings of them. What is needed are not checks and balances but roots. The ramifying architecture of thought must grow directly out of what is real, be rooted in the "earth" of actual things. All the subtle ways Professor Weiss devises for pitting theory against theory are strategems for avoiding the real issue—can any thought come directly out of the world

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as it is, be tested immediately against things as they are?

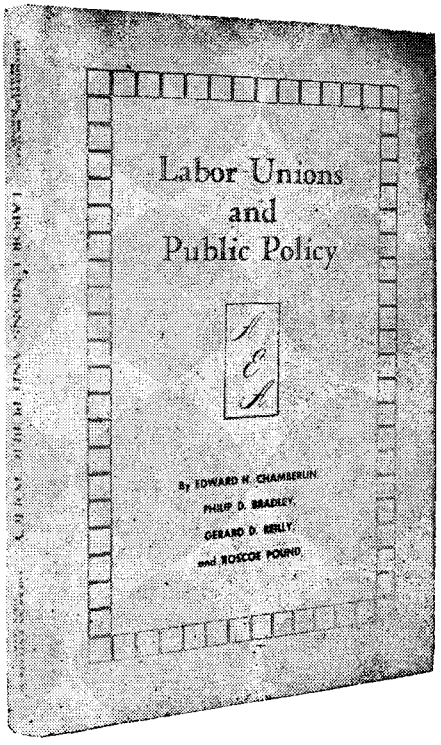
There is a certain structure of consistency within thought which any of a thousand mental constructs can satisfy, and only the hard touch of things outside the mind can shatter these empty visions. But *can* things outside the mind touch and test directly our inmost thoughts? If not, then symmetry of internal architecture is the only goal possible to philosophers; he who can erect the most shimmering dream of Pattern and Order takes the prize.

By erecting four modes of reality and tracing their intricate interplay, Weiss excels all the architects of modern thought. But he avoids the test of Reality, the question of what is real. The overlapping, intertwining modes are "ultimate and irreducible components" of reality. There is no one reality which they manifest in four different ways. "Is" cannot be asserted of them all in the same way, or even in analogous ways. We are left not with four ways in which the world exists and builds itself, but with four overlapping worlds, like the four dimensions of the scientific dreamers. But even the four dimensions have *some* common denominator (in the idea of physical extension) which is denied to Weiss' philosophical worlds. The latter *are,* indeed, *philosophical* worlds. and four worlds in the mind do not add up to one world of fact.

To those who follow the keen analysis of concepts in this book, the rewarding section of politics, the skilled introduction of modern scientific thought into the older frameworks of philosophy, it may seem surprising that Weiss would defy the "one and many" problem by inventing four isolated and radically different "realities." But it is not surprising that the chasm between thought and things should devour anyone who tries to cross it. Philosophy has too often avoided absurdity simply by ignoring this great gap—by asserting the absolute nature of thought or by saying that form cannot be discerned in the flurry of things. But Weiss is too honest to accept the idealist or existentialist over-simplifications. He at least meets the problem head-on, though it is nearly head-shattering.

The only thought which has been built directly on the reality of things outside itself has recognized from the beginning what distinguishes mental concepts from extra-mental realities. The mind can possess a tree's essential qualities: a set of formulae can express its chemical structure; a philosophic analysis can reproduce its ontological structure. The mind can possess all the things which determine *what* a tree is. Yet something else determines *that* each real tree is; only the tree can possess this determining force. All things which are have—aside from *what* they are—an underlying force of action which makes them "present on the scene," *acting* in the drama of history, things and not concepts. This sheer thrust of reality is present in all things, but to varying degrees, under many limitations. Its force is proportioned to the nature of the thing it activates.

Thus the idealists and existentialists are both wrong: we know this supreme reality by analyzing the essential forms, but we know it as that which formal analysis did not include. The splendor of the Platonic world of Forms is unreal unless this prin-



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ciple of existence is operant in and through and yet beyond the forms. All reality must be traced back to this principle as the "first act," the origin, the reality in all things. But any man who follows this analysis back to the vision of naked activity begins to know its name, and to fear the Existence which is not vague flux or force but God.

The systems of Professor Weiss can proliferate indefinitely; yet all their intricacy and balance will never make the "modes" begin to move and to be, for he has banished from his thin world of intellect the recognition of the principle which links forms to fact. Or, rather, the world of scientific observation, of phenomena and statistics, long ago banished the realistic philosophies from the modern scene. Weiss, by his very probing of all self-inclosed systems, by his questioning of all formally perfect schemes, states the problem honestly and dramatically. His desperate assertion of four "realities" is a confession of the inadequacy of the simple patterns and programs of philosophy.

In the rhythm of his dialectic we can almost see him moving restlessly on the far brink of thought, bracing himself for the great leap into the real. He has questioned all modern uses of the mind; he will not, like most moderns, turn petulantly against the mind itself. That stubborn loyalty to Intellect must outlast four or forty new worlds of thought to find at last the World.

Movies

Hollywood Discovers Geography

ROBERT PHELPS

I IMAGINE it was the success of *The African Queen,* five or six years ago, which set the formula. Of course that was not the first time a love story had been filmed against an authentically exotic backdrop; and of course, too, the real secret of its charm was its rare combination of actors—Hepburn, and Bogart at his best; director Huston in an unmetaphysical mood; and an artfully delicate script by James Agee. But when producers in Hollywood saw the Academy Awards being passed out, they must have said, "We have stories, stars, technicolor, wide-angle cameras. What we need is something lively in the background. Let's get out of the studio and find real places to look at."

Since then, American movies have entered, and all but vanished into their International Geographic period. We have had Audrey Hepburn in Rome, Tyrone Power in Paris, Marlon Brando in Japan, and Marilyn Monroe in Manhattan, with her skirt memorably flared by the draft from an honest-to-God Lexington Avenue express. In the past two weeks, I have seen no less than seven American films with actual far-away places arranged behind the actors' heads. In their never ambivalent concern to please the public, producers apparently feel that none of the other postwar novelties—not the girls from Italy, nor the "little people," nor stereophonic sound, nor even popcorn and sets of dishware—can sell tickets as consistently as Geography. Indeed I saw one enterprising movie marquee which advertised "Hitchcock's *Vertigo,* with Kim Novak and panoramic views of San Francisco." And unless there is a radical change, summer movie-goers will continue to see the world in short flickers. Besides New York City in *Cry Terror, Too Much Too Soon,* and *Marjorie Morningstar,* the Mexican border in *Touch of Evil,* the Champs Elysées in *Paris Holiday,* I cite the following variants of this same Landscape-with-Love formula:

Lana Turner and Cornwall in *Another Time, Another Place.* A BBC reporter is accidentally killed, and the lady correspondent with whom he has been having an affair cannot restrain herself from visiting his home in Cornwall. Enter screaming gulls, low tide, drying nets, olde streets. After hanging around the dead man's unsuspecting wife for weeks, our heroine insists on revealing her identity. This would be only curious, perverse and even interesting, if both the film and Miss Turner did not appear to think she has behaved gallantly. Even the poor wife, after the first shock, is made to smile in reconciliation; and though the effect is inane, the travelogue of Cornwall is presumably intended to distract the audience from its feeling of dismay.

Thailand in *The Angry Age*: two romance-starved late-teenagers—Anthony Perkins and, if you can believe it, Sylvana Mangano—run away from their mother's bleak rice plantation on the Siamese coast and have adventures of the heart in Bangkok. Slipshod psychology is brightly decorated with temples, Oriental crowds, street signs in Thai, and one idyllic river scene in which the lovers lounge in one boat while a jack-be-nimble restaurateur pulls alongside in another and blithely hands across teapots, freshly fried fish and other Asian comestibles with an efficiency even Duncan Hines would endorse.

Vertigo: 128 minutes long, with Kim Novak in lavendar scarves and a bottle-green Mercedes-Benz, and Hitchcock in the coma from which he has not emerged since about 1945. There is a love story, too, but its only purpose is to indulge the camera in gaping admiration of the Golden Gate bridge, redwood trees, southern Californian mission houses, and San Francisco's endlessly unhorizontal streets.

Maracaibo: a rakish, hell-for-leather oil man meets a frigid lady novelist in Venezuela, and as he gets her drunk on an unpleasantly pink concoction named after the film—or maybe *vice versa*—he warns

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her that she has been writing only about her hunger for love. Presently, with a flaming offshore oil well in the background, he offers her a chance at the real thing, fulfillment, and the downward path to wisdom. She declines. Subplots take over. A hurricane is coming. Jaguar convertibles race through the night. A dog chews peanut butter. The oil well explodes. The hurricane strikes. All very authentic, and in the end the lady gratefully changes her mind.

The moral of which is, wouldn't it be cheaper for Hollywood filmmakers to reverse their strategy, and do their traveling inside people, instead of outside places? The more emphasis a movie places on background, the less impetus it seems to have to bother with the people it's about. Some of the finest postwar films we've had—*Sunset Boulevard, The Night of the Hunter, This Could Be the Night, The Wild One*, to name a quartet that come casually to mind—were made entirely without benefit of transoceanic landscapes. What they did have, though, were persuasive, personal inscapes, and knowledgeable insight into some aspect of human love, or need, or both.

Books in Brief

FIRST LADY OF THE SOUTH, by Ishbel Ross (Harper, $5.95). An extensively researched—indeed, almost too extensively researched—life of Varina Anne Howell, the Mississippi plantation belle who became Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Well educated, big of frame, forceful of character and with a biting humor she never did learn to control, Varina Davis was a personality in her own right. She loved and hated with zest, as a number of Southern generals and Northern politicians learned to their sorrow. She placed her love for a morose and difficult husband—his idea of a honeymoon trip was a visit to the grave of his first wife—above all other considerations. She took the vicissitudes which fell to her lot: the loss of fame and position, the death of five of her six children, the necessity in her old age of earning her living as a columnist for the *New York World*, all with dignity and courage. A remarkable woman who comes to life in a book which, like Mary Boykin Chestnut's *Diary from Dixie*, sheds interesting sidelights on the Confederacy.

P. L. BUCKLEY

SEPTEMBER MOON, by John Moore (Lippincott, $3.95). It suddenly occurred to me, after reading John Moore's charming new novel and being moved thereby to glance again through *The Fair Field, Brensham Village, The Blue Field* and *Dance and Skylark*, other novels of his which have stood the test of rereading, that of all the British writers now alive I am most certain that John Moore will be read and enjoyed a century from now. John Moore is not, probably, a "major" writer. But he is certainly a *great* minor writer. He does not write of the cities or the problems of men of the cities. He writes with gusto and with shrewdness of rural England and the small towns, of independent men and women with ideas but not ideologies. His is a sensitive, exuberant, noble and compassionate spirit expressing itself in English prose of high distinction. *September Moon* represents a further stage in the art of its creator.

E. CASE

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To the Editor

The Case of Sherman Adams

The defense of Sherman Adams by L. Brent Bozell [June 28] appears to this reader as a prime example of the most specious reasoning ever to have found space in your publication, to which I have been a subscriber almost since the initial copy, and it might well be used as a glaring example of that art for classroom purposes.

According to the evidence and the admissions of Adams the hotel bills footed by Goldfine were greatly in excess of "a couple" as mentioned by Bozell, and any call from Adams, such as made and admitted, may well be assumed by the Bureau to have indicated a concern by Adams for Goldfine, whether or not the result was special consideration for the industrialist. . . .

FREDERICK O. RUNYON
East Orange, N.J.

I seldom disagree with views expressed in NATIONAL REVIEW, but I flatly differ on the subject of Sherman Adams. L. Brent Bozell seems to think everything Adams did was all right in this Modern Republican, cynical, amoral world. I can't see that at all. It is alarmingly improper for any man in Adams' position to put himself under obligation to anyone for anything. Imprudent—nuts—and nuts to Ike on that, too. It was simple Impropriety—and Adams ought to OUT. This episode will cost the GOP a painful number of votes, probably mostly in Republicans who stay home November 4. Think of us in California—with Goodie as *our* candidate for Senator. That's a tough one to swallow, without any extraneous handicaps imposed by the icy Adams.

But hammer away at Adult Education Boondoggles—we'd have lots of money for education if we could trim off some of that absurd waste.

Monrovia, Cal. LORING W. BATTEN, JR.

There Was No Escorial

Either the author of a book reviewed in NATIONAL REVIEW—Gertrude von Schwarzenfeld's *Charles V* [May 17]—or the reviewer, Robert Phelps, muddled up Spanish history in no small degree.

Charles V could not have retired in 1555 to end his days at the Escorial; the construction of this monastery was only started in 1563 by his son Philip II. The place to which Charles did, in fact, retire was Yuste, a much smaller monastery in Extremadura, in the province of Cáceres, not far from Plasencia.

Philip II ended his days in the Escorial, which is probably the place Mrs. Schwarzenfeld is thinking of when she writes about Charles.

LUIS A. BOLIN
Washington, D.C. Spanish Embassy

Two Subjects are Tabu

Speaking only for myself, I ask that one other point be considered in "San Marino—100 Percentile" [June 7]. . . .

The *Zeitgeist* that gave rise to the Service Club movement, of which Lions International is the largest with almost 600,000 members throughout the world, was also one of "let's not talk politics and religion." The codes of the various "Internationals" contain, in one form or another, a ban against "partisan politics and sectarian religion" (Lions Clubs Objects). So that a member must not discuss his politics *qua member*, whatever his persuasion—and let it be said that he usually is a conservative.

Using the mailing list of his Club to disseminate political tracts, albeit of NATIONAL REVIEW quality, is a breach of the code and results in opposition. Even outside the club this ban militates against the would-be propagandist, because the "I never discuss politics or religion" feeling which influenced the writing of the codes influences our total social life. Thus, whatever political cause the Exchangite from San Marino would have wanted to foster, he was licked from the beginning and for a good reason.

As citizens, Lions, Exchangites, etc., have a duty to take part in their country's political life. The Lions Slogan, "Liberty, Intelligence, Our

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Nation's Safety," makes patriotism almost mandatory. All Clubs also do tremendous work of civic betterment. But the introduction of emotional bombshells like politics would tear the Clubs apart. The Founder of Lions International, for one, knew why he asked for prohibition of politics in Lions; the other "Internationals" knew it too.

ANTON K. DEKOM
Chicago, Ill. Lions International

Miles and Miles of Years

Did the executive secretary of the National Education Association really say ". . . Congress is proceeding as though the space age were a thousand light years in the future . . .," as quoted in The Week [June 14]? If so, he could use a little more education himself. A "light year" is a measure of distance, not time. Translating into mundane units, he said ". . . Congress is proceeding as though the space age were six thousand trillion miles in the future . . ."

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

Limits of Majority Rule

A recent editorial "Let's Chew on This One" [May 3] raised a point which I believe could stand further analysis. The editorial was in regard to fluoridation of community water supplies and stated philosophical objections to this measure . . .

As you stated in your editorial, the basic objections to fluoridation are political and moral. Fluoridation is compulsory mass medication for a non-communicable disease. This it definitely is, and this certainly seems to be a salient objection to fluoridation. As you say, people who want fluorides to prevent their children's teeth from decaying can get special treatments from their dentist. . . .

Now, while we are agreed that the majority does not always make the wisest decision, still majority rule is basic to our democratic way of ruling ourselves. If, in a community-wide referendum, the decision were reached by vote that the community's teeth should be protected by adding fluoride to the drinking water, one wonders if the burden for choosing a different individual course should not rest on the shoulders of the dissenting minority rather than on the majority. Truly, fluoride treatments can be obtained by paying a dentist, but just as truly, unfluoridated water can be obtained by sinking an artesian well or by purchase from other sources than the community supply.

Just where is the line drawn which limits the right of the majority to make decisions for the whole?

Pittsfield, N.H. JOHN S. ARGUE, M.D.

The majority should not make decisions affecting the rights of minorities except in areas essential to the survival of the society. As taxpayers, anti-fluoridationists are entitled to pure water, at a price equal to that of their neighbors. If the majority, for convenience' sake (i.e., to save them the trouble of administering a fluoride-pill a week to their children) elect to fluoridate the public water supply, they should make fresh water available, at the old cost, to the minority upon whom they have imposed their decision. The fluoride campaign seeks conformity, by the minority, in non-essential matters (unlike, e.g., essential hygiene, essential education, essential defense) and is no more justified, as an imposition on the minority, than would be the insistence by the many that, for their own sake, the few give up smoking. ED.

Ezra Pound's "Wuntz"

What is a "Wuntz"? In James Kilpatrick's article on Ezra Pound [May 24] he tells of Mr. Pound's story about little Abraham who, when asked to give a sentence using the words "once" and "twice," answered "I was bit by a Wuntz, twice." Mr. Kilpatrick undoubtedly misunderstood Mr. Pound. The story is a favorite among Yiddish-speaking people. When I was a child my mother always had me amuse her guests with it; but the right answer is, "I was bit by a *vunce*, twice." *Vunce* is the Yiddish word for bedbug. That's the punch of the story.

New York City DOROTHY SARA

Eff Not, Why Not?

Those drawings by Johannes Eff [July 5] were absolutely silly—and the words were verse. Why does he still teach philosophy when, in regard to inaneness, he has a monopophy?

Brooklyn, N.Y. FRANCIS X. SIMIAN

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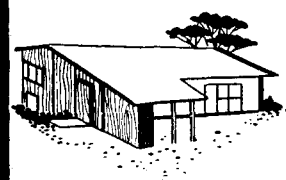

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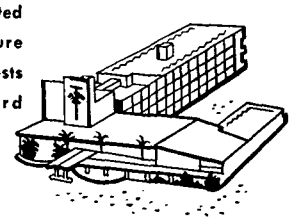

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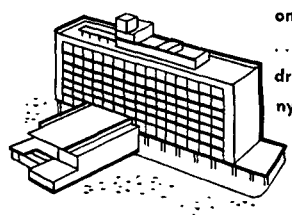

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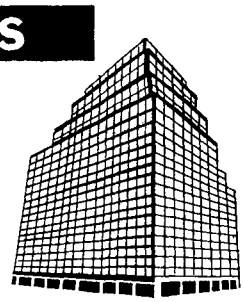

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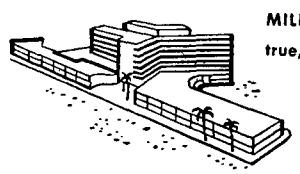

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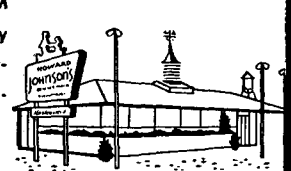

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